

# More of my writings in school

## Idea #1

a story about a person who doesn't know how to work harder how to survive AND thrive working in a job, talking to himself about his problems and judging himself but never fighting temptation and doing what he knows will make his life easier and in the end of the story being so brain dead not even remembering his own story...

okay I'll be honest I'm just talking about myself now, I'm not creative enough, even when I was thinking to myself about a story instead of a world that I wouldn't be able to place a story into

even if that job part is about school I know I won't be hired anywhere

But in the story even then doing what he believes is morally correct

Now THAT isn't relatable... because if I did I would've helped grandma bring her bags downstairs today when I thought I should have

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a child who can't feel pain unknowingly inflicts pain onto other people but they always keep a cool head because he looks exactly like the child of their dictator and they're afraid he'll call his dad leading to their execution

Here's one of his diary notes

"Dan might be sick

Today when I met Dan he seemed very shaky, he didn't seem to have left his house considering he didn't have any more fire wood nor cans of beans so I went outside and brought my mini grill, I accidentally broke one of the stairs going up the tree but don't worry! I fixed it... before breaking it a dozen more times so I still owe him a plank and nails so I'll try to get those and fix the part of the stair case

I did get up there but I almost fell of

I then brought up the box battery that could power it and put both of our hands on top of it because I got cold too

Then he started making weird noises

I asked if he was okay and he reassured me he was doing far better and that the heat was good enough for him but when he showed me his hands he only had red line marks on his arm instead of his arms being completely red like you're supposed to when you want to heat your hands up

I feel like the cold might have gotten to him so I left the box and the mini grill to him

Since my hands were extra hot I was able to bring canned soup in the coldness of snow without it getting cold

I am still working at getting the planks and nails to fix the stair part

End of the day"

when he finds out by the help of a homeless child what he's been doing all this time he tries to make up for it and apologize to everyone

But by the time he gets to the people who he's been doing that to he realizes... most of them are dead

Some died by suicide like Dan jumping off the tree house onto the boulder below because of all the hurt they had to deal with every day of every week spent with him and some died because of what pain he inflicted on them like blood loss from him trying to get B+ blood type without a cringe to the scientist

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I don't know if I talked about this already a while ago or not but I believe everything you do NEEDS a REASON to be done

Impulses make no sense to me because even if I have an impulse to tap my feed and fingers on stuff to make music sounds when I'm bored even that has a reason for being done

I think I've learnt this way back in my childhood days, I was jumping up and down on a couch while dad wasn't looking and when dad showed up he got angry for me not

listening to him

and I believe that was actually justified considering I was being stupid

That was the day he taught me to never do something without reason and purpose because me jumping on the couch would tear it and that I was doing something stupid for no reason at all

That stucked to me and I tried to remind myself that over and over, I did forget that he taught that to me until now but I think my little self did help me become the teenager I am today... I won't call myself a man because 1 I'm not and 2 I'm not smart, hard working or kind enough to call myself that

unlike my "work associates" who have no sweet clue what "man" actually means and irresponsibly call themselves that because they think they're cool

Hell! They're so impulsive they decided to DANCE IN THE MIDDLE OF CHEMISTRY CLASS AND RECORD IT in their own words "პროსტა" (prosta) which in English means "for the heck of it"

and you cannot guess who said that one

It's none other than the girl who I thought was the only human being because she was determined to be nice and bring me to my classmates when they were having dinner because she didn't want me to be alone

Yeah.. That “person”

THIS is why I hate ALL of them now

Hell not only that but she's also using her phone in class including the girl from class A who I looked up to, I thought she was the responsible one but noooo even SHE is using her phone in lessons

They not only use it but bring their phone to other classes like French

The point is... nothing has changed

And mom if you're reading this just don't start a conversation with about it okay? I get it I'm just writing to myself about it

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I left 2 lessons now and sat outside doing nothing because we weren't doing any actual lesson ( that was written BEFORE I left history class because the teacher left because everyone was misbehaving that much and had to call the Georgian teacher to argue with them )

as if Halloween is a getaway card for everybody in class, sometimes for the teachers letting them watch movies and sometimes for the “work associates” who use it as a reason to direct the lesson to a completely different thing like in chemistry where they were “strategizing how they'd sell the fast food they brought”

At least the Math teacher refused to make us watch a movie and let us did the work ( THANK GOD ) which is very much like her and the fact that one of the idiots asked her a movie in the first place makes me think they're that delusional

I'm not a nerd towards math or anything I'll be honest I sometimes don't even remember what street I'm living in

But I'd rather have a real lesson than watch a movie in class because 1 I hate watching movies and 2 It feels like a painful waste of time and my patience so I make myself as bored as possible sitting on a chair because at least then I'll get some thoughts I could write down